

# The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Widdows of the West,

For the Death of their Deceased Husbands.

Wherein they declare their hearty sorrow that ever their Husbands was led away by fair words to this foul Rebellion. Together with their kind Advice to all people, to be Loyal to their Prince.

To the Tune of, Russells Farewel.

This may be Printed R. P.



Alas ! we Widdows of the West  
whose Husbands bid Rebelle,  
of Comfort we are dispossess'd,  
our sorrows did excell :  
Here for their Crimes they lost their lives  
Rebellion was the cause,  
And we confess that was their wives,  
they did oppose the Laws.

When Monmouth came ashore at Lime,  
it was a fatal day,  
To carry on that base Design,  
which did their lives betray :  
And many daily did presume  
to come unto his aid,  
Bridge-water, Taunton-Dean, and Frome,  
the Nation to invade.



We said it was a horrid thing,  
and pray'd them to forbear,  
To take up Arms against their King,  
who was the Lawful Heir :  
Yet like distracted men they run,  
to cast their lives away,  
And we their Widdows are undone,  
this is a dismal day.

Alas ! We had no cause at all,  
our Laws was still the same,  
That we should to Confusion fall,  
and many hundreds slain :  
They knew not what they went about,  
confusion did attend,  
The Heavens would not bear them out,  
since they did thus offend.

When Monmouth did the Land invade,  
poor men was drawn aside,  
To leave their bus'ness and their Trade  
for which at length they dy'd :  
'Tis true it was a just Reward,  
because they did Rebelle,  
Against their Gracious Sovereign,  
though we in sorrow dwell.

Those Criminals that did oppose  
our Lawful Government,  
Did likewise prove our deadly foes,  
and caus'd our Discontent :  
For had they never come on shore,  
we had been happy still,  
Alas ! we had no thoughts before,  
of any kind of ill.

We might have liv'd in happy state,  
in this our good King's Reign,  
But now, alas ! it is too late,  
to call them back again :  
For they are sleeping in their Gores,  
laid in their Beds of Clay,  
Together with some hundreds more,  
that thus was led astray.

Both yonth and old, and rich and poor,  
in multitudes they fell,  
Let this a warning be therefore  
let never none Rebelle :  
That our most Renowned King,  
may have a happy Reign,  
Then Subjects may rejoice and sing,  
and never more Complain.

Printed for J. Deacon, at the Sign of the Angel in Giltspur-street,